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JESUS AND THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY JAMES EDMONSON, PH. D., LL. D.

The question is often asked those who hold to the philosophy known as the New Thought, "What think ye of Jesus?"

Without taking the time and pains to examine the principles of the new philosophy, many condemn it, because they think it will destroy some of their cherished conceptions; cherished, not because they are true, but because they are theirs. So it happens that many in their ignorance of the principles of the new philosophy, jump at the conclusion that the sceptre and crown are about to be taken from Jesus and He degraded, in thought, to the level of ordinary humanity. It will be seen that a conservative statement of the position of Jesus in the new philosophy will not justify any such conclusion. On the contrary, the fair minded thinker will acknowledge that the new philosophy, instead of weakening the sceptre and tarnishing the crown, strengthens the one and adds new lustre to the other.

According to the nature with which man has been endowed, and according to the nature of the universe in which he dwells, knowledge to him must be progressive. Every new conception that he forms, modifies in some degree his acquired stock of knowledge. This does not mean that the objects of his knowledge change, but that his conceptions of them change. The new psychology does not mean a new mind; the new chemistry does not mean a new atom; the new astronomy does not mean a new sun, stars and planets; the new theology does not mean a new God and the new Christology does not mean a new Jesus. The objects remain the same; our conceptions of them are the only things that

change.

This change is continually going on, and has been going on since the birth of time; and it will continue to go on till time shall end, or man shall know all things as they are.

The fundamental principle of the new thought, is the new or the old—the immanent conception of God. It is a fact that the transcendental conception of God has dominated the thought of civilization for at least the last twelve hundred years. Around this conception which regards God as outside of the universe, and distinct from it, the philosophies and the theologies of the centuries have arranged themselves.

The time has arrived, however, when the immanent conception of God is fast displacing the transcendental conception in the thought of men. This will necessitate a new arrangement of philosophic and of theologic thought—a new philosophy, but not a new universe, just a new conception of it; a new theology, but not a new God, just a new conception of Him; a new Christology but not a new Jesus, just a new conception of Jesus.

The writer believes that it will be readily granted, that the conception of Jesus which is entertained today is vastly different from the conception of one hundred years ago. Even the casual reader of history will be forced to admit that there has been a gradual change of thought going on during the christian centuries. What is it that has been changing? Not Jesus but the thought of men concerning Jesus.

If those who are so concerned in regard to the change now taking place in the forms of old beliefs, were asked concerning Jesus what it is in Him that influences them, it would be difficult for them to answer.

Who, indeed, knows what it is that pleases him in the person whom he loves or cares for? Who can tell why it is that he loves one person rather than another? Who can dissect his feelings and discover why he drifts into the presence of some one person in any assemblage? No one—he simply knows that he is drawn.

If these questions were to be asked of persons who feel drawn

to Jesus, who love to read about Him, love to think about Him, love to meditate about Him, what would their answer be? Could they tell the secret charm of His personality? It is extremely doubtful. May it not be that the secret of the influence that Jesus has exerted through the christian centuries has not been fully comprehended? Let us see.

It will be well for us to bear in mind that there are three ideas of Jesus that have been at work upon the minds of men during the last eighteen hundred years. There is the real man Jesus that was born, lived, held fellowship with other men, died. This is the historic Jesus. This idea includes also what He taught, the words He uttered, the things that He did. The historic Jesus includes both the person and the teachings of Jesus; but we know that His sayings were few and His teachings elemental and simple. If the historic Jesus were all we had to deal with, our task would be easy and our way well defined and clear.

But there is another idea of Jesus that has striven to influence the minds of men during the christian centuries. It is the dogmatic Jesus. In the historic and doctrinal Jesus, we have an actual person and His teachings. In the dogmatic Jesus, we have a legendary person and the teachings of others concerning this person.

The word, legendary, is here used in a guarded sense. Legends like the ivy and the mistletoe must have something to cling to. So with the legendary Jesus of dogma; it is the historic and doctrinal Jesus around which the legends have twined themselves. It is the Jesus of dogma that causes all the confusion in the minds of men in regard to that expression of religion called Christianity.

But there is a third conception of Jesus that has been influencing the minds of men during the christian centuries, the conception most potent of all, though the least apprehended of any. It may be called the ART IDEA of Jesus. This term, ART IDEA, may need a little explanation. By this term is meant not a new creation; that is not a true conception of art. True art has something real and actual for its basis, but has added to this real and actual basis something of the artist. The painter looks upon the

landscape, takes it into himself, eliminates what to him is defective, supplies what to him is lacking; then places this transformed landscape upon the canvas. The copyist is not the artist; the artist always puts something of himself into his work.

If we will pause a moment to think we will see that our conception of any great historic character is far from representing the actual personage. Our conceptions of Washington and Lincoln are not true representatives of the actual persons; we have taken the great, grand lineaments of their characters, and with these as a basis, have formed conceptions of them, by filling in with details of character, that may, or may not, be true, but which are part of ourselves, what we think a great and grand character ought to be. This being true, we see why different peoples have different conceptions of what constitutes a great character. We also see why it is that the same people or race at different times has different conceptions of greatness. The Englishman used to think Richard the First the ideal of greatness; now his ideal of greatness is Gladstone. Why? Because the Briton's conceptions of other things have changed and his conception of greatness has changed with them. Yet unto each of these characters the Briton of his respective time put a part of himself.

This is just what has been done with Jesus. There is the real Jesus—the historic personage,—but the Jesus of each century, is what men have added to that, from themselves. If the reader will reflect a moment, upon the paintings or pictures of Jesus that he has seen, he will acknowledge that the Italian artist gave Him the lineaments of a son of Italy; the French artist represents Him as a Gaul; the German as a Teuton. Yet the real person was the same; each added something from himself and in doing this, they were scarcely conscious of what they were doing.

Hegel says that an idea is a conception and a realization of the conception. The mind takes into itself something from without, transforms that something by adding to it something of itself, and then projects this new creation, the realization of his conception. This is what has been done with Jesus. The historic Jesus

has been taken into the mind of a generation, received something from that mind and then has been projected, a realization of the conception of that generation.

This conception of Jesus is the only one that has had any influence for good during the centuries, the Jesus of dogma has been baneful in its influence; and the only wonder is that the ideal Jesus has wielded so beneficent an influence as it has in view of the retarding, deadening influence of the Jesus of dogma. "Dogma," if allowed, would shackle the intellect, deaden the sensibilities and paralyze the will.

If "Dogma" were allowed it would retard all progress, even turn backward the shadow on the dial of time, and man would not be permitted to recognize, or strive to realize the Divine as manifested in the ideal Jesus. It was dogma dominating that burned Huss at Constance, Servetus at Geneva, Bruno at Rome and Savonarola at Florence. The influence exerted by the dogmatic idea, and that exerted by the art idea are as different as the mind can well conceive; the one deadens the heart, the other makes it a living fountain of love and sympathy; the one freezes, darkens, divides; the other warms, illumines, unites; the one is arrogant, intolerant, boastful; the other is humble, merciful, full of sympathy; the one has a tendency to brutalize; the other to enoble and refine, yet it has been working in secret and scarcely apprehended. The dogmatic idea is fast going to its death and it cannot go too soon; the art idea lives and is today exerting a greater influence than ever. Well might the poet represent Mary as saying:

"Above the temple's gateway, made
For all who entrance sought,
They had erased my boy's word, love,
Which only he had taught;
And in its place were written high
In words to all men clear:
Through robes, and rites and creeds alone,
Shall lost man enter here."

One feature of this art idea of Jesus deserves special thought.

There are two great types of heroism that command the admiration of men. One is the active, aggressive, positive type; the soldier stands as the most fitting representative of this type. The pages of history teem with illustrations of this type. But there is another type; it has not been recognized so much as the other, but upon final analysis it will be found to be greater than the other. It is what may be called the passive type; the type that can endure for the sake of others; that seeks not its own; that is dominated by that one idea, "Brotherhood." Florence Nightingale, the sisters of charity flitting among the plague-stricken the Salvation lassie among the slums, will call to mind what is meant.

It is this type of character that the art idea of Jesus represents; and it is before this type that all the peoples of earth bow down and adore; it is this type which when lifted up draws all men unto it. And what an influence it has upon the world, and why? Because He has thrown His arms around a sin-defiled world, and helped to lift it. For tears, He has always had a word of sympathy; for misery, a word of hope. To the tempted He has been a fortress; to the struggling, a support. Again and again He has told them, "I, too, was tempted; I, too, struggled; I, too, suffered; but I bore my cross, go, do ye likewise." When He is remembered in the spirit of man's own higher self, men are noble and women are pure. Where He has entered the human heart and has added to it that heart's best, charity abounds and hope is strong, woman is reverenced and childhood is sacred; and there grows the sweetest flower that ever bloomed, "The violet of meekness spreading its perfume in the human heart."

It is this art idea of the passive type that draws all men unto it. It is this art idea with which the new thought deals and dealing with this what care we for your higher criticism, or your criticism of any sort. Let Huxley seek to undermine your dogmatic idea with scientific facts, let Strauss and Renan pierce with the poignard of sarcasm, and while you wince, we will smile for they cannot undermine or destroy the creations of the heart. Before they can change the art idea of Jesus they must first change us, change the human heart and the manner of its working.

This, then, is the influence that has been working through the centuries, and which will continue to work with greater success in the centuries to come, because released from association with the retarding, hindering influence of the dogmatic idea of Jesus.

Yet as we look back upon the track of history, what wonders it has wrought. Take a glimpse at its progress. This art idea of Jesus was lifted up in Grecian civilization and soon her pagan temples were abandoned, her most sacred shrines became deserted, her oracles were stricken dumb, and the God that had been to the Greek unknown became the object of his adoration, his worship and his love. It spread through the Orient and Ephesian Diana lost her prestige, her magnificence and her glory, and her Ionian splendor faded forever from the vision of the world. It entered the temples of Rome, the palaces of the Caesars and Capitoline Jove was forced to abdicate his throne to make room for the crucified carpenter of Nazareth.

It spread through the dark forests of Northern Europe and charmed the wild and barbarous Teutonic hordes from their bloody rites and savage sacrifices to the simple service of the God of peace and love. It crossed the Northern channel, roused the rude Briton from the slumber of centuries and clothed that benighted isle with glory as with a garment. It braved the waves of turbulent Atlantic and planted in the wilds of America that which is sooner or later to outrival all the glories of the past, to eclipse even the dreams of antiquity's sages.

And at last, freeing itself from the shackles that have restrained it, it is standing with longing eyes upon the shores of the Pacific gazing westward to the nations sitting in darkness, and preparing to go forth like the white horse of the Apocalypse from conquering to conquer. It is the new conception, yet the old conception. In it the disciples of the New Thought see the God-like man, not the man-like God; and in their philosophy there is no place for a Theandric.

ATLANTIS.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

III.

11. And this was Cain's terrible nativity,
A mortal sword, too sacred for a man profane!
It should be contended by laureates of every clime—
And contended in chiming melodies of loyalty and love,

12. When that volcanic orbis clift the Earth in twain
And changed the places of the land and sea, Atlantis sank,—
By slow degrees he was submerged till but the loftiest summits
scared their heads above the waves,

And in these eyries, leaping high, a paltry remnant of his
relatives were hid;

They fled the hideous and sheer above the howling flood,
They clung like eagles to the dizzy crags,
And swung and swayed to every motion of the heaving mass;
From niche to niche they climbed with staring eyes;
They clasped the quaking curvices and tore their slimy garments
into shreds,

Their tendons forced to stand,—their nerves knit tense as leather
strings,

Their muscles swelled to bulging knobs;
The peaks sheat them cracked and fell,
The mountain range was given to its base
And crimson charria burned beneath their feet;
They saw the planet swallow rivers at a gulp,
They saw Lazarus across vanish like a grain of sand

They heard reverberating thunder in the veranda of the gloom,
 And overhead they saw the scissic lightnings nearer back;
 They saw the night descend and knew no night from day;
 There were no sun, no moon, no stars;
 There were no hours, no moments in that blinding glare!
 And yet there bright fugitives lived on:
 The drenching showers quenched their fever thirst,
 They fed their hunger with the flesh of birds and beasts,
 A ready quarry brought to bay by panic and by fear,
 The snare was needed not for terror tamed them all.

13. Among these dauntless pilgrims to the cliffs, were women,
 Fairborn of a gentle race, with flesh as fine as ivory,
 With olive skin and eyes of melting mellowness
 In which the dusky shadows slumbered all day long;
 Their lustrous discs shone with pellucid radiance,
 And in their limpid depths, the radiant soul was pictured
 Like a star's soft splendor in the crystal mirror of a lake;
 Their bosoms glowed with ardent life and when the cataclysmic
 dangers hemmed them in,
 Their warlike natures scaled heroic heights;
 With feet that never flagged they caught hope's fragile opportu-
 nity upon the wing,
 And fleet as antelopes they bounded toward the peaks;
 Hand locked in hand the wives and husbands ran, their infants
 nestled in their arms,
 Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, old and young
 Sped on the pinions of the wind to refuge on the cliffs;
 Millions perished as they ran, immured by fiery cataracts,
 Millions died beneath the blighting scoria,
 Nations were annihilated in an hour, condemned to living sep-
 tare,
 The planet glared her resentment to the full
 And when the victims all were sacrificed she sacrificed the
 homes,
 And when the homes were ravaged to the uttermost,

She dragged the continent to immolation in her turbid heart
And covered the incriminating relics with the waters of the sea;
But those heroic hermits in the giddy peaks, a scanty hundred
souls,
Escaped the conflagration and the flood, and lived to multiply and
found the Cuban race.

14. They built them nests of shale and slag, and lined them with
soft ashes sifted in their hands,
They hollowed cradles in the mounds of sand
And laid their babes like fledgling eaglets, there to sleep;
Love guarded their repose and soothed each timid cry,
The tender human buds torn from their sylvan homes,
Were nursed and reared as only love can nurse and rear its own;
The mother's fount distilled her heart's red tide to satisfy its
nursling's lips,

Adoring fatherhood found voice e'en in those grawsome solitudes,
And chivalry achieved transcendent flights.

15. Days came and went, weeks lengthened into months,
The months stretched into years and still the hermits held aloof
from death;
Time shook his rusty fetters off and once again trod his accus-
tomed way,
And made his calculations once more accurate;
The lava in the valleys cooled, the tides swept in and out
And step by step receded as the turbulence was stilled;
The sombre summits loomed above a sterile wilderness
Which grew and grew by equipoising levitation from below;
And still Time paced along his stolid course,
Years crossed his dial in monotonous defile,
The days and nights were all alike,
Life was an endless chain of days and nights without a variation
in the links;
The sun rotated with a never changing blaze;
The moon revolved upon her orbit just as she had done before;
The stars rolled on in glittering cavalcades,

Yet not an incident occurred to change the hermits' lives.

IV.

16. But all things come to those who wait
 And to the hermits waiting brought bewildering events,
 First came a ship careering o'er the sea with flowing sails,
 She seemed an animated and portentous thing
 As, with careening strides she cut the waters with her sturdy
 prow:
 Her signals struck alarm to every unsophisticated heart,
 They huddled close in frightened groups and strained their eyes to
 fathom what it meant;
 Nearer the vessel came and wider spread its glittering wings,
 The ocean all about it seethed and churned,
 The spray dashed high and fell in crystal showers on its deck,
 A fleecy wake trailed far in filmy folds that looked like feathers
 scattered on the brine,
 But soon their terror turned to abject fright,
 The ship sat still and folded its prodigious wings,
 It swam no more but craned its arching neck above the waves,
 And muttered as the sea mews mutter in a gale;
 And when with strident din, the rattling cables slid along their
 metal slots,
 They sped like rabbits to their burrows in the cliffs.

47. Meanwhile the ship had launched a boat and sent a scouting
 crew ashore,
 The naked natives and their headlong flight had been observed;
 The vessel was El Hamid's pleasure craft and he stood with his
 pilot on the deck:
 The Moorish prophet was a scholar and a sage,
 A seer in science and philosophy in that illustrious age when
 science and philosophy stood zenith high,
 And he was seeking, what his reason told him must exist,
 An accidental continent to poise the rotatory balance of the globe,
 The hermit's island was a harbinger of what he sought,

And so appealed to every altruistic instinct of his soul,
That he resolved to change its desolation to a garden of the gods.
So, ere the transit of the sluggish year,
He carried soil by ship-loads to that igneous wilderness.
And carpeted the seismic rocks with oriental loam:
Years were consumed to consummate El Hamid's enterprise,
An enterprise that will forever shine without eclipse!
He planted forests on the erstwhile arid slopes;
He set young orchards on the loam-clad lava beds;
He sowed the valleys with grain-bearing seeds;
He clothed the wilderness with tropical luxuriance,
He irrigated, organized, he classed and classified till all the island
was reclaimed:

The desert grew to beauty in his hands and verdure blossomed in
his path.

18. At length the architects and builders came with wood and
stone hewn out in blocks,
That whoso would might have a habitation of his own;
And when the homes were all complete he furnished them,
And clad their rustic tenants in the warp and woof of Moorish
looms;
And when they all were housed and clad he taught them how to
cultivate their fairy-land.

19. Thus year by year he doted on his foster child,
Enriching her with every benefit his princely hand could give;
She flourished in his lavish care, and blossomed in such rare
magnificence,
That in a decade Caba was more beautiful,
Than e'en El Hamid in his philanthropic ravishment had dreamed!
Her palms and ferns waved their majestic fronds,
Her orchards bent beneath their luscious fruit,
Her meadows spread their russet harvests to the breeze;
Whatever grew, grew as it were endowed with magic life—
Whatever bloomed bloomed buoyantly—so buoyantly that Nature
was intoxicated with herself,

And revelled, each prolific season of the year, in flower scented transports of delight;

She garlanded herself and hung her fragrant festoons high and low on every ledge,

She rioted in green and sung herself to sleep with warbling birds; The wind sang sonnets in the sighing trees,

The ocean chimed in rippling surf tones on the beach,

The sunlight chanted anthems on a harp of gold,

The moon played nightly on a star-encrusted lute,

The shadows pattered dulcet melodies upon the murmuring leaves,

The blushing morning kisseed the ardent noon,

The brilliant twilight wed the languorous night—

And with enamoring shadows filled El Hamid's paradise.

20. And should this daughter of the elements—

Born of the earthquake's shock and nurtured by dynamic force,

Submit to wear a tyrant's grinding yoke?

Should she disclaim her peerless pedigree and yield her title to her Eden in the sea?

Should she forget her conquest of plutonic hordes and bow in fealty to a despot's law?

Should she subvert her proud inheritance and pay to aliens the tribute of her soil?

Should she impeach El Hamid's dignity and barter principle to pamper avarice?

No meteoric splendor crowns her histrionic fame,

No evanescent virtue gilds her sterling worth;

Her fortitude was forged in fiery furnaces—

And when the continent succumbed to igneous siege

She held her ramparts in the face of every foe;

The brunt of seismic insurrection came on her,

She stood where millions fell in molten massacre.

21. She sits enthroned upon the adamantine ocean bed,

The azure dome is her imperial canopy,

The glittering constellations are her diadem,

For she is scion of Atlantis old—
The only child he left to tell his story to the modern world.

PAUL AVENEL.

AFTERMATH.

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

WHEN splendid day to somber darkness dies;
When all the riotous birds have hushed their song,
And the blue water and the perfumed throng
Of flowers are hidden; when sad shadow lies
Where golden sunshine erstwhile filled the eyes,
And all is dark and cold the hills among:
Oh, then the moon will rise, and, pure and strong,
Flood the gray world with silver to the skies!
So, when youth's glow and glory fade away;
When the sweet laugh and dearer love-words die;
The high endeavor and the happy play
Alike are past: perhaps in the dark sky
Another light will bring a lovelier day,
More tender, rarer, full of mystery.

HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE IN CENTURY.

“FOLLOW HIM”.

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

When Whittier makes the mystic brother sing
Beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events,
I know, through God's exceeding grace
Release from form and time and place,"

does he mean to say that this brother denies the real world and despises it in fancied mental or moral superiority? I think not. I do not think he furnishes any text for the numerous misunderstood Buddhistic and Christian doctrines of renunciation. I hear a healthy affirmation when the brother further sings:

"I wait within myself to know
The Christmas lilies bud and blow;
And small must be the choice of days
To him who fills them all with praise
Judge not him who every morn
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born.

This brother is no conceited philosopher nor an intellectual fanatic, who misled by a theory denies one-half or more of existence, or who in blasphemy condemns a world as evil, because it is not to his perverted taste. He does not resemble in the least any of the many unfortunate specimens of the New Thought of today, all of whom talk glibly enough against the phenomenal, yet know it very imperfectly and who have never profoundly discovered the relationship of Appearance and Reality. Nor is this brother a professor of a middle path in order to avoid extremes. I think he is a most sensible man, a true philosopher.

and one who practiced the living religion I say: "Follow him!" Let me explain.

In the opening of the poem, his fellow monks ask this mystic brother to rejoice with them "where thronged refectory feasts are spread." He does not wish to do so. With "God's sweet praise upon his face," and in silence he sits "unmoved thereat," though he says to them:

Keep, I pray

Even as ye list, the Lord's birthday.

For himself he denies the ceremonial, but not eating and drinking. As for his brothers, he recognizes their place and position, their mental needs and hunger of heart. He does not condemn as so many a new convert does, nor does he pity as so many a neophyte does. He is "the elder brother" whom Experience has taught the truth of life and love and to whom the outward symbol has disappeared because his mind is light and his heart is low. Thus he is an excellent illustration upon true manhood, perfect philosophy and real religion.

What is the experience which taught him and which keeps him in harmony and which dictates such sober and tolerant opinions?

We talk loosely of experience, when we limit the term to mean knowledge derived from the daily jostling of life against men and things or personal conflicts with so called facts. Such experience is, of course, useful for the life that gives it, but it is of little, if any use to life in the largest sense. In Ethics, or The Science of Life we use the term as an expression for the influx of the great motives, aims, and purposes of existence, especially as we become aware of these on the Inner Ways. It is Experience in that sense which guides the Mystic. Its content or main characteristic is always the Universal the Absolute. It always endeavors to get us into the order and plan of the great frame-work of the universe. In Experience it is the Ideal, as Plato called it, and the Form as Aristotle saw it, which works for the TELOS of creation. The innermost of Experience can not be attained by study or volitional

endeavor; it is in the main a gift, a grace, an initiation, though we may and must prepare for its reception by silence and solitude. The recipient is always more or less a sufferer. No amount of volition or action, such as these terms are ordinarily understood, will lift even the seam of that veil which covers it. The recipient undergoes initiatory steps of vastation as a preparation for the reception of "the inner glory." Such is the Experience of this Mystic, whose Christmas Whittier wants to describe and points to as worthy of imitation.

When this monk tells his brothers that he waits within himself to know the Christmas lilies bud and blow, he shows us symbolically that Experience is WITHIN and not WITHOUT. He might as well have said it was ABOVE and not BELOW. Terms of language could not better show where it was, because it is "nowhere." It is rather "anywhere" and "everywhere." It is growth rather than location or distance. He does not draw any hard and fast lines; he, even tells his brothers that

"The blindest faith may haply save;

The Lord accepts the things we have.

The main thing to him is Reverence.

And reverence, howsoever it stray,

May find at last the shining way."

By reverence he means awe at the mystery exhibited all around us in nature and a recognition of that brotherhood feeling which as a law of the spiritual world binds all things together. It is that kind of reverence which nature and all the great teachers of the past have laid so much stress upon as the Path to Union with God. It was that Reverence, he tells us, which gave him.

Release from form and time and place. What does he mean by "release"? Evidently no exaggerated saintship or condemnation of the world. His conduct as it is described in the poem proves him to be a "brother among brothers." He means, that though in time, form and place, he is not of time, form and place. Moreover, he is not only emancipated from the thraldom of custom

and conventionalities, he is really free; he has attained that high state of release which we call "freedom in conscience." He has pursued a lonely road and because he fixed his eyes on nature's plan, everything has become new to him. The commonplace has assumed an aspect of the Common and that again has become life to him. Externally his conduct is in many ways like that of his fellow monks, but taken as a whole his conduct is a sign of an inward or higher condition, an inward or higher experience of a peculiar and vivid kind. It is Experience which breathes peace of love, to conformity with the true. If he were asked to define his system, we would probably find that he could not understand what we meant by such a word. His mind would be found not so much in the limitations of systems and dogmas and his heart could not enclose its riches in words. Truth and Life would be found to be one in him and those again would be seen to be a unit with the Way. And those who knew the mystery would see the unfolding of the Divine type. The veil of nature would be thin enough to allow the "Divine transparency." Yet the world would only discover an "elder pious brother" sitting apart.

The Way, the Life and the Truth are not abstractions, nor can they be pointed out in the same manner as the road to another town. They are spiritual existence. A Mystic is both Love, the Lover and the Beloved.

I trust the reader will not lay by this tale of Whittier's a little poetry nor spurn my advice to give it attention. If he can see nothing extraordinary in it, then his mind is not simple enough and his being though it is not strong, either. Simplicity and strength condition one another. If the reader can not feel its dulce, it will be a hopeless task to seek for harmony, or, which is the same, union with God. Such an unhappy heart and confused mind must undergo purgation. But let us not despair! The Divine Image in us, may, as St. Bernard so often said, be soiled and buried, but it cannot be destroyed. It is still alive in the merciful reader and in the voice of his incessant longing to be

FOLLOW HIM.

something ideal. In virtue of this doctrine I say to my readers: You already are what you want to be. What you need to do is simply to take possession of your riches, your kingdom. Why not do so at once? The instant you more to do it, you are more than half-way in possession. You have no other chances to overcome than those you lay before yourself. Everything is Goodness and Beauty and moves in the direction you want to go. Wake up and see it! Whittier's Mystic is awake and sees the Beauty-His brothers are still asleep and deal with "these things" as if they were real. They are only shadows of something Real. The riddle of the universe is solved by an awakening and the mystery of existence is that will which breaks through its darkness. And so marvelous is existence that its very riddle is an awakener.

The reader is not advised to copy this example, but to imitate the method of this man's life. The mystery of will cannot be brought out if we lose our identity, or are blinded by "royal power, ample rule," or hearken to "Idalian Apparition beautiful." The true life rests, as Pallas Athene taught upon these four pillars: Self-respect, self-knowledge, self-control and "the acting of the law we live by without fear." The four "alone lead life to sovereign power." The Mystic of the above tale expresses all that fourfoldness. Follow him!

C. H. A. BICKNELL.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF HEALTH.

BY ALEXANDER WILDER.

BY Political Economy is denoted all knowledge that relates to the general prosperity and the proper methods of its application. Mere abundance of material wealth is by no means the chief conception, not even the accumulated means of protection and defense. It includes everything that tends to assure the perpetuity of the commonwealth and the welfare of all its members. It is not the perfection of strength to provide armies, maintain order, facilitate commerce and industrial enterprise, and encourage popular education. These do not go far enough. Political economy can not attain the height and dignity of a science except by the fulfilling of all the conditions of a natural civilization. More important even than costly schools and lucrative industries, than arms and armaments, is the existence of health among the people. It is not possible to ensure prosperity or to assure its permanence, except there is salubrity in the climate and at the homes, and physical vigor of the population. Health is the important factor of individual and national greatness.

We find this forcibly illustrated in the history of nations. The seat of civilization was in earlier times upon the Euphrates and the Nile. Egypt, Herodotus affirms to have been the most healthful region of the world, and in the valley of the Euphrates was the traditional Paradise of Eden. But war and conquest have wrought a woeful change. The diseases of Egypt have been familiar by word. The countries of the Orient are deserts, the repair of wild beasts, or hot-beds of pestilence. Syria, Armenia,

Asia Minor and neighboring countries have become servile and impotent from misgovernment and the plague, and now take a sorry revenge by the incubating of pestilence and the transmitting of it to the other regions of the globe. Roman cupidity sowed the earlier seed which Turkish rapacity has assiduously cultivated.

Once in Italy the Campagna was full of cities and alive with human activity. The Tarquins made Rome habitable by constructing the famous Cloaca which drained a lake and converted a large area of marshy ground into a healthy district. But the Romans became a conquering people, and destroyed all the communes about their city. An exemplary revenge followed upon this intolerable rapacity. The mortal dampness, now known as "malaria," returned, like the unclean spirit of the Gospel, to its former abiding-place, and the last state became worse than the first.

The annals of Mediaeval Europe are a sorry record of disasters, of cities devastated, of countries made desolate, and the inhabitants carried off by myriads and millions by the waves of pestilence which followed one another with a frequency and regularity almost incredible. The establishment of the new "Holy Roman Empire" was very largely the occasion of these manifold horrors. Gothic and Saxon paganism and Aryan Christianity were annihilated by the sword of Charlemagne and his successors; but with the new worship came likewise the vices and diseases of the South. Small-pox, the plague and syphilis were the boons thus conferred upon the Teutonic peoples. Life was well nigh worthless, by reason of the general lawlessness and the recurring invasions of epidemic. Every country was more or less depopulated. War and the creating of the squalid denizens of the towns into circumscribed localities, were often the occasion of spontaneous outbreaks of pestilence, against which no adequate means of protection were attempted or even understood.

For a thousand years the population of Europe was stationary. Wars almost continuous, famine alternating with them, and pestilence recurring as stately as the seasons, prevented

human increase and arrested the progress of civilization. The population of the different countries became little better than savagery, outright. Hardship, privation and disease kept every country wretched and sparsely inhabited. The surface of the continent of Europe was covered with forests, and the lowlands were undrained and reeking with miasmatic vapor and dampness. The cities of London and Paris were mere collections of wooden houses unfloored and abounding with filth and vermin. A pile of rubbish and garbage stood at every door. Men, women children, dogs hogs, goats and other animals slept in the same apartment. Personal cleanliness, even among the dignitaries of the state and church, was utterly unknown. The first Stuart king of Great Britain and the famous Thomas a Becket of Canterbury, were notorious for being unwashed and lousy. Resort was had to the profuse employing of perfumes to neutralize the poison and conceal the odor of impurity. In the famine of 1030 human flesh was bought and sold as food; and in 1258 fifteen thousand persons perished with hunger in London.

The conflict of races and religions which existed for centuries was frightful for its massacres and atrocious cruelties; but the encounters with disease and pestilence were infinitely more terrible. There was truly an apocalypse of the rule of Death and the insatiable grave, where power had been given over a fourth part of the earth to kill with sword, with hunger, with mortal disease, and with wild beasts. For ten years, from 1345 till 1355, the Black Death ran riot over Europe and destroyed a fourth of the population. In 1348 it entered France and destroyed a third of the people. The ensuing three centuries constitute a history of successive pestilences. An array so formidable, mortality so apparently inevitable, blanched the very hearts of men. Literally there was "upon the earth men's hearts failing them for fear and for apprehension of the things that were coming," from which there seemed to be neither escape nor redemption. They became mad in their despair, and the ties of social life snapped asunder. Many forsook their families for the con-

vent, others plunged into wild excess, often too horrible to describe, from the sequences of which those who descended from them have not yet recovered.

Our record of visitations is unfortunately not scientifically complete. It was plague, the Great Death, that so often depopulated Europe. But the distempers which have been so denominat^{ed} have not always been accurately determined. Sometimes it was a frightful form of variola, "the black small-pox," which is represented as having come from Arabia and Africa with the wars. Again, it was a typhoid seizure, typhus with buboes, one of "the diseases of Egypt," which foreign invaders had transplanted into that once most healthy of countries. Nevertheless these are maladies that, like fungi, have repeatedly sprung up spontaneously in foul places, as where armies are long kept together, or the population congregated too closely.

No imported contagion is required in such conditions for any of these visitations. The Thirty Years War originated small-pox and distributed it over Germany. It seems to accompany armies during active warfare. The Franco-German war of 1871 was characterized by an epidemic attended by great fatality, and the American forces in the Philippine islands have been severely scourged. After the Black Death came syphilis. It may have been some other seizure raging like epidemic and hidden from sight as well as perpetuated under the name of plague. It appeared four centuries ago among Spanish troops in Italy, and scattered with the rapidity of a visitation of pestilence to every other country of Europe. A Pope and King of France, nobles, clergy and yeomanry alike contracted the malady and those who were attacked died in vast numbers. Since that infamous period three and a half centuries and more have run their course, and yet there is great reason to apprehend that the taint of blood which has proceeded from that single cause is not yet eradicated. Scrofula once called kings' evil because the magic touch of a king's hand was believed to be a salutary for it had become an evil common to kings and royal races.

The condition of the populations of Europe in those woeful times was wretched in the extreme. Every country was impoverished and became empty of men. Thus when William the Conqueror held the sceptre of England there were barely about two million inhabitants; not till five centuries later had the number doubled. The average length of human life four hundred years ago was less than eighteen years, but now it exceeds thirty-six. In the better-governed countries of the European continent there has been a like increase with the improvement of conditions.

The last outbreak of the plague in England took place in 1665. Its ravages in London are minutely portrayed by De Foe. The next year came the Great Fire which seems to have arrested the pestilence and to have obliterated its remains. It disappeared at once, and after the sanitary improvements instituted by Sir Christopher Wren has never again appeared.

The material results of this great renovation added to a governmental policy generally sagacious, are manifest in the political, industrial and commercial greatness of the country. The supremacy held in turn by Venice, Spain, Holland and the Hanse-Towns is now exercised by the bankers and merchants of London. At their dictation silver has been diminished from the standard coinage of the countries and made subsidiary to gold, as in the days of King Solomon (*II. Chronicles ix. 20*). The lesson thus inculcated has also its illustrations in this country.

The health of the people is the higher law. No country can arrive at prosperity or long remain prosperous, where the permanent conditions are insalubrious. An individual, in order that he may gain wealth must be of steady and industrious habits, thrifty, and beyond all these, healthy. If he is weakly and enervated, he cannot labor and acquire; and when he is prostrated by sickness, what he may have earned and saved must be expended. In a sickly family no matter how great the income, thrift is not possible. That family must be poor. Sickness is among the most costly of all luxuries. Wherever it exists it impoverishes. What is true of families and individuals is infinitely more true on

a larger scale. No sickly community can be prosperous. If it is moral and intelligent it does well; but it will not be so long.

The rapid accumulation of wealth which has characterized our modern period has been the wonder and admiration of students of political economy. The working capital of the world has more than tripled in a lifetime. Another index of prosperity has been the large increase of population. In England for example, where there is every year a considerable emigration, the number has mounted up to ten times what it counted under the first William. Indeed many are fond of saying that our progress in material and other advantages surpasses all former time. This, however, is hardly probable. An archaic world once existed that we have never emulated or equalled in mechanical ingenuity, scientific research or physical comfort. It would not become us to depreciate the former attainment and affect to despise it because it is not possessed by ourselves or not in our possession. Every age and country has had its peculiar culture and development suited to its conditions and the genius of the people, and should be esteemed for what it has deserved.

Nevertheless the accumulation and aggregate savings of the last few decades has more than equalled those of hundreds of years preceding. Much has been attributed to machinery, to the employing of steam, to what we are learning to do with electricity, to the greater facilities of transportation and commerce, to the application of science to the arts and manufactures, to the greater abundance of the precious metals and to the beneficial results of the more general diffusion of knowledge. It would be sheer fatuity to underrate the advantages which these agencies have conferred, and it is impossible to appreciate them adequately. With all their draw-backs, and the price which the inexorable law of compensation requires to be paid for every boon, these benefits are inestimable. No Egyptian pyramid has been erected; no Tower of Bab-El points to the sky; no Mount of Ellora has been honey-combed for miles by excavations for religious sanctuaries, everlasting houses of the dead or for human abodes; nor have

men explored the region where the Kokh or the Himerg had its eyrie. But the stream turns the spinning-wheels and weaves textile fabrics; the hissing water swelling into vapor propels vessels on the ocean and caravan-trains over the continents; the sun, regent over our system of planets and asteroids, has become our limner to paint portraits and copy landscapes; and the electric ether, summoned perhaps from the outermost star in space now carries our messages and even speech itself hither and thither, moves our vehicles, and is ready to become our minister to invade the realms of Night, to introduce a perpetual day, and perhaps to establish a new order of seasons.

The great factor which has enabled all this has been already named. Political changes have only aided; science itself was but an auxiliary. Above them all this marvelous increase of wealth, this prodigious achievement, this general amelioration of human conditions are due to the general exemption of the civilized world from pestilence, to the better health that prevails, to the longer average term of human life.

War alone did not keep Europe poor for so many centuries. Modern campaigns are far more costly than protracted contests in former times. The countries of the Old World might have prospered without precious metals and the advantages afforded by machinery. It was disease that spread the pall of poverty over Europe. Every family was wasted and enfeebled by sickness, herds having to meet several times in each century the unsparring conscription of pestilence. The short average period of human life permitted less time individually to men to amass wealth. The diminished power of producing, the waste by sickness and the recurring plagues which were worse than prohibitory tariffs in the interrupting of commercial intercourse, all combined to check endeavor and to keep everybody destitute.

We have not been without our experiences in the United States. Cholera, yellow fever and other deadly epidemics have been periodical in their recurring. They overlook any quarantine wherever there are insalubrious conditions for their inception.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF HEALTH.

The cities of the southwest, New Orleans, Galveston, Shreveport, Memphis and other places that may be named, have seemed to be always incubating pestilence. We all remember the disease contracted by many who visited Philadelphia during the Centennial season. New England also has attained the unhappy distinction of being the hot-bed of pulmonary consumption. The influence of this fact upon her financial property is manifest. The governor of Connecticut once invoked the assistance of the legislature to the matter. A high death-rate is significant of deficient physical energy, moral deterioration, limited productive power, and restriction of energy. In the south the city of New Orleans has been as an incubus on the prosperity of all that region from the recurring epidemics of yellow fever set in action by the seething accumulations of filth and the harborous method of piling up the dead.

It is impossible for an individual or a community to be sick and prosperous at the same time. When an epidemic rages all business is paralyzed. The peculiar losses by pestilence transcend those of devastation by fire. Savannah had a single epidemic of yellow fever lasting but a few months and was brought to the verge of bankruptcy from which many years were taken to recover. Philadelphia was so disabled in resources by the yellow fever in 1793 as never to be able to regain her commercial and metropolitan rank. Some more than twenty years ago she lost more than twenty million dollars from a visitation of small pox which might have been averted by proper hygienic precautions. An epidemic of yellow fever like that of Memphis if it had occurred in the city of New York would have entailed incalculable disaster upon her business enterprise. New Haven, formerly the chief city in Connecticut never regained her position after such a calamity.

There is at the present time a strenuous competition between civilized nations. The ablest endeavors of state craft are put forth to extend and maintain commerce and productive industry. Every country that has special advantage is sure to prosper; but

all the while any temporary advantage is liable to throw it behind in the race. There is accordingly an acute sensitiveness in regard to every possible drawback. The individuals or public journals reporting the existence of any disease in the city of New York, of which there exists apprehension that it may become epidemic, such as yellow fever or Asiatic cholera, often incur violent censure. A few visitations like those of New York, Memphis or Shreveport, occurring in our principal cities would arrest the entire prosperity of the country.

Nowhere does there exist the assurance of exemption. The countries of the west, both in Europe and America, are by no means free from apprehension in regard to the possible advance of the bubonic plague from India. Yet how easily a region may be protected was illustrated by General B. F. Butler at New Orleans and General Leonard Wood at Havana. There is no protection possible from any pestilential visitation except by throttling the cause. Boards of Health as they are generally constituted are hardly fit for this. Common sense must have a place above and apart from professional prescription and trade-union ethics. We may not be content with makeshift expedients or the employing of one Satan on the pretext that it will cast out another. Cleanliness and wholesome living, with a resolute mind and will are surest of all prophylactics.

In short, political economy regards health as anterior and essential to the prosperity of a people. Popular education, social advancement, national greatness, are attainable only upon this condition. Whatever advisement or excellence may exist or be possible beyond, if not solely due to it, is nevertheless largely dependent. Physical efficiency involves more or less of word force, the will to originate and the energy to accomplish, which render the individual and the commonwealth the realized ideal.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THINGS.

BY. GEO. S. EDMONSON PH. B.

Before any progress can be made in Psychic healing it is necessary that the student should be brought to an understanding of certain fundamental principles, in order that he may look at the ideas presented from the same point of view as that of the instructor; otherwise the true meaning intended to be conveyed might not be grasped, and seeming differences of opinion might arise between the student and the instructor—differences which would not be in fact or theory, but rather in definition or understanding of the terms employed.

Among other things, and, perhaps, the most important of all, the true idea of "the substance of things" must be gained. To start with, let us agree upon the meaning of the word "substance" as we intend it in this connection, and the sense in which we shall hereafter use it. The common or general idea conveyed by this word is one of substantiality, solidity, matter as we observe it. It is not in this sense that we shall use the term. We refer to it as the underlying principle or permanent cause of all outward manifestation or phenomena either spiritual or material.

Unless the student has given some study and thought to matters of this kind, some of the statements to be made will probably be radically different from all his notions of things that are, and he may find some difficulty in accepting them as true. Before rejecting them, however, he should think them over carefully, first from one standpoint, then from another; he will likely discover the truth of what is said.

To a person of materialistic tendencies it may be a rather

startling statement to assert that in this world of ours we have to do merely with the manifestation of the substance of things, and never with the substance itself; with shadows and not realities. Yet such, briefly, is the case. Throughout the domain of science, whether the subject be matter, motion or mind, we have to deal with phenomena - the appearance of things; never with substance —the underlying cause or principle.

You think of a piece of coal or a rock. It is seemingly very real and appears to have the quality of substance. Well it is real, and it has the quality of substance, perhaps, according to the ordinary way of thinking; but the ordinary is not the correct way of thinking in this, as well as in many other cases. The lump of coal is not itself the reality, that is, the real substance. It is but the visible expression of the invisible, the form in which the true substance is made manifest. It is not simple or elemental itself, but compound of other units, which, in turn, are not themselves ultimate, but only simpler modes of the ultimate.

The chemist analyzes the piece of coal and tells us the chemical elements of which it is composed and the relation in which these elements are combined to make up this compound. He goes a step farther and explains to us that, theoretically, these elements are in turn compounded of still smaller units called atoms; that in the minutest visible fragment of this piece of coal, which we at first considered a simple substance, there are millions of these units suspended, as it were, in space, each one of which moves rhythmically about within its proper sphere at an inconceivable speed, in obedience to an unknown, unthinkable law.

And now, we think, we have reached the ultimate substance of matter. But no - still a step further he takes us. Although we have reached what would seem to be the utmost limit of thinking, he now calmly informs us that even one of these units is not simple but compound; not a single thing, but a system of things. Whichever of these theoretical units we wish to speak of we may call an atom. This is the name given to the ultimate conception of the unit of divisible matter. It is needless to say it has no real

existence. It exists only in the mind, in thought. It cannot be seen or measured; it cannot be handled or weighed. It is the unknown quantity in the equation of material existence whose value can never be determined save in terms of its modes of manifestation. Even admitting the reality of this ultimate, primordial atom, we fail in getting a conception of the substance of matter; for then we shall have to ask, what is the substance of the atom? Of what is it made? Whence does it come? And the answer comes not.

Of motion we need say but little. Though not an attribute or quality of matter, we only think of it in its relation to matter; we observe it only in its manifestations upon matter. A simple illustration will suffice. You hold a weight in your hand. There is no quality of motion perceptible in it. You let it drop. What happens? Motion is immediately manifested, every moment it occupies a different position in space until it finally strikes the ground and stops. Where is the motion now? To be sure a certain portion of it has been transmitted by shock to the earth. Other portions have been communicated to the surrounding air, and, step by step, through media to media, it finds its way to the uttermost conceivable limits of space—to infinity itself. But what of that particular mode of motion observed in the falling weight? Whence came it? Where has it gone? You may say that gravity caused it to fall when released by the hand. Gravity is force. What is the cause of Gravity? Whence is force derived?

And now we come to a consideration of the substance of mind. In the preceding paragraph we called attention to motion that a better conception may be obtained of a phase of mind represented as motion. From a physiological standpoint, mind is simply a certain kind of matter in motion. Impressions are received and conveyed to the brain by means of molecular motion incited in nerve matter by some form of shock. These impressions are stored up in the brain by a certain definite arrangement of particles of this same nerve matter, and are re-

called, as in memory, by the same definite arrangement of these particles being brought about. This is, briefly the objective or physiological view of the mind. But where is the substance of it? What is the underlying cause? If we seek it in the nerve searching for the substance of matter. If we look for it in the motion excited by chemical changes in the nerve matter, we must seek for the cause of the chemical action. Thus we discover that the substance of mind is not to be found by observation of its objective or external manifestations.

Let us take another view. Impressions and ideas, says Hume, are the only things known, and the sum of these is Mind. Granting the truth of this definition, we must seek the substance of mind in each and every impression and idea of which it is composed and, granting we were to find it, we should then have as many separate and individual substances as there are impressions and ideas. This does not meet our requirements, because we would then have to reduce all these separate substances to one substance—to find the substance of the substance. Without pursuing the discussion further, it is safe to conclude that, like matter, the substance of mind cannot be known.

Yet the mind is the most real thing with which we have to deal. All else, to have any existence, must be interpreted into it in the form of ideas and impressions. For us the external world has no real existence except in our different states of consciousness and its form of existence, its attributes and qualities, are simply our ideas of its form, attributes and qualities.

While it is true that we can know nothing of the substance of things, we can and do know much concerning its manifestation. In the realm of the material universe, by long and intelligent observation of its phenomena, numerous well defined laws have been discovered. Of the laws of mind, it must be confessed, not so much has been accomplished; but in recent years great strides have been made through scientific investigation of its phenomena as disclosed in hypnosis, mesmerism and kindred subjects.

While there is much to learn, the knowledge attained by a few bold investigators who have dared to depart from the axiom of a materialistic world is gigantic as compared with the ignorance of less than a quarter of a century ago.

The subject is immense and could be easily extended to fill a large volume. The writer has endeavored to give merely an outline of the discussion in order to suggest a train of thought to the student which will bring about a condition of mind that will make him receptive to the subject matter of the main proposition. Therefore the student will do well to ponder deeply on the suggestions offered. Let him keep them constantly before him whatever he may do and wherever he may go. View the statements involved from every conceivable standpoint until you get a clear idea of them. The subject is somewhat elusive, but you will have little difficulty in understanding it if you give it the proper amount of thought and reflection.

Geo. S. Emerson.

THE SUPREMACY OF THOUGHT.

BY S. S. CHURCHILL.

I HAVE been asked how I feel about the single tax? I believe as much as ever in its justice, and look forward to the time when all natural opportunities will be free. For years I was one of the most enthusiastic single-tax cranks at large. I believe in it still, but I have come to the conclusion that I read but one side of the sign.

You, no doubt, have heard the story of the two men who got into an argument over the wording of a sign. One claimed it read so and so, and the other insisted that it read thus and so. After a heated argument it was discovered they both were right and both were also wrong, for they had read opposite sides of the same sign.

Mr. Henry George saw the sign and said: "Labor produces everything. Labor is the creator of all wealth, and should receive a larger share of the thing created. Labor is robbed. We must make land free. We must open up opportunities." I agree with him but there is another side to the sign. Others see not only this, but much besides. The other side reads something like this: "Everything that exists in the material world was first produced in the thought world. Thought, not labor, is the great creator of wealth. Thoughts are things. Thoughts are forces. Thoughts are magnets, and like attracts like. Labor without thought never created any thing. Opportunities lie thick about us if we had but the wit to see them and the courage to grasp them." This is the opposite side of the sign. The truth doubtless lies somewhere between these two statements.

I used to agree fully with Mr. George that labor is the creator of all wealth; now I qualify it by saying—intelligent labor creates, or intelligence and labor create all wealth. The thought is often the product of the brain of one man while labor is performed by another. One plans, the other executes. If one man can both plan (that is, think) and execute (that is, labor) he reaps the whole reward, less rent and taxes. If he labors only (the horse can do that) and requires some one else to do his thinking, he must divide with the man who thinks, and will probably find the thinker has the lion's share of the product, and why not?

The great difference between men (I had almost said the only difference) is in what they think; in the way they look at things. The difference in men is as much in what they think of themselves of their surroundings and their opportunities as it is a difference in ability or of opportunity. I have come to believe that thought carries one up or down, as we elect; that "As a man thinketh, so is he;" that what a man thinks, he becomes. His belief in his ability to surmount obstacles is half the battle. The man who thinks he can change his environments probably can and will. If he thinks he cannot, he cannot. The man who thinks he is of no account, that he is injured by the tariff and by Ricardo's law of rent, and is held down by his boss, who believes there is not money enough in circulation, and that he is being crowded and trodden upon, will shortly reflect these thoughts in his life.

I would open up opportunities, of course, but beside this, and above this, I would teach people that they have within them the power to control their own environment; that instead of being miserable worms of the dust, they are made a "Little lower than the angels and crowned with glory and honor;" that they have the power to do and to be all that any one can do or be. Teach them to control their environments instead of letting their environments control them. Teach them how to think and by thinking make the best of their many opportunities. Drive away fear—fear of their weakness; fear of poverty; fear of failure. Ignorance and fear are the only two devils there are left; all the rest are

dead. Fear is the offspring of ignorance. Kill the parent and the offspring will die. All the horde of devils which have haunted man since, half clothed and half starved, he crouched in caves, frightened by the thunder and torn by his own fears—all these are gone. Ignorance and fear alone are left. I would teach man that he is his own master; that ignorance is his only enemy; that no one can injure him but himself. I would teach him, and myself, that the kingdom of heaven is within; that he is the King within that kingdom. I would teach man self-reliance, teach him that there comes to each one that which he causes to come, either unconsciously or unconsciously. With knowledge and confidence in himself, he may determine what comes.

We all know happiness is from within; that it is not dependent upon wealth or position or any outward condition. Bunyan turned his prison cell into a paradise and peopled it with the characters of "Pilgrim's Progress." "Stone walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage."

I knew a little woman in this city who has had enough trouble to kill some people, but she is always smiling and happy. She says it is easy enough to be happy when you know how. We all know people who find it easy to be healthy, and also some who find it is easy to be wealthy. "Everything turns to money in their hands," we say. There is a reason for this. It is all in accordance with a fixed law. I believe there is a law of happiness, a law of health and a law of success, just as there is a law of gravitation. When we learn the law, or conform to it either consciously or unconsciously, the result will follow. There is a law governing electricity. An infant creeping along the floor may touch a button which sets the law in motion. An unconscious touch may start a ponderous machine or explode a charge of dynamite. The child knows nothing of the law, but the result is as certain as though Edison put his finger on the button. I would teach others, and in so doing I would teach myself, that thoughts, not labor, are forces; that the only difference in people is what they think. That what a man thinks will sooner or later be ob-

jeopardized in his life.

The "belief in poverty not only oppresses us until it makes us mentally poor; but it allies us with poverty-stricken conditions." Opportunities? Abraham Lincoln had fewer than most men, but what he thought made him the great emancipator. Edison had no superior opportunities, but his thoughts made him the greatest inventor of the times. Jay Gould's, Andrew Carnegie's and Phil Armour's thoughts have put them where they are, and hundreds of others' with equal opportunities and equal mental equipments are toiling under them, because they do not or dare not think. These so-called great men think, and the others labor, and you say the division of the product of thought and labor is not fair. Why not? If by thinking one hour you can make my unproductive manual labor produce a million dollars, are you not entitled to a large share of the surplus produced because of your thought? Am I any the worse off?

If I could be granted one wish it would be not that all men could be given more opportunities for labor but that all men including myself, could be made to see and put to the best use, their present opportunities. This great continent lay here under the feet of the red man for centuries as fertile and productive as it is today. All our present opportunities were his; yet the red man made but a bare and scanty living because he did not think. The change was brought about, not by labor—labor without thought cannot create anything. It was brought about by thought. Thought first and always, then labor, but always directed by thought.

I have quit quarreling with fate and shall try hereafter to blame no one but myself. If I lack for anything, it is not because of lack of opportunities but because I either lack confidence in myself, am too indolent to think, or because I have not learned to recognize an opportunity when I see it. This is ignorance. I may recognize it, but be afraid to tackle it. This is fear. Ignorance and fear are the only things that are the matter with the world at present.

I am not sure but Andrew Carnegie is doing a work as beneficial as that of Henry George. Carnegie is building libraries and trying to teach men to think. When they think, they will no longer be ignorant, and will no longer fear. Mr. George wants to open up opportunities for labor. Intelligence and confidence will do this.

You no doubt have heard the story of the man who sold his farm and went to a foreign country to hunt for diamonds. After he was gone, it was found that the spring from which he drank daily was filled with the precious stones he had gone to hunt; that his birth-place was literally filled with diamonds. Perhaps, too, you have heard of the young geologist who sold his home and went West to prospect for precious metals. In passing out of the gateway of his yard he placed his hand on a stone rich with the very ore he traveled so far to find.

What has all this to do with single tax, you ask? Nothing except this: We may advocate the single tax, government ownership, monetary reform and every thing else desirable in the way of legislation. We will never get any of them until we can make people think, and if we secured them all, they would fail to equalize conditions so long as some men think and others do not. I still believe in Henry George's side of the sign. The other side has been read by Helen Wilmans, Prentice Mulford, Lillian Whiting, Prof. Weltmer and others. Beside "Progress and Poverty" I place "Conquest of Poverty" and similar writings, and I endeavor to keep in the middle of the road.

S. S. CHURCHILL

FAITH.

BY PROF. S. A. WELTMER.

Extracts from a Lecture Delivered on Sunday, Sept. 23, 1900.

“**B**UT without faith it is impossible to please Him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.”—

Hebrews 11:6.

When I speak of faith, as I understand it in this connection, I do not mean belief in any sense of the term.

We often speak of faith and belief as synonyms but their meaning is far from being identical.

Belief is our mental assumption of truth—faith our actual effort to ascertain truth.

Belief is an attitude of the mind—faith an action of life.

The one is a basis upon which action can rest, the other is the action itself.

When a speaker says, “If you do not believe what I tell you, try it and see,” he advances a proposition that makes trial impossible. No one tries anything that is not believed.

If you do not believe what I say, you shut out of your life all possibility of actual knowledge of the truth or falsity of my assertion.

You cannot try what man tells you is possible for mankind unless you believe it.

Full and complete faith is the active and continuous exercise of all the faculties in a sustained effort to carry out the purpose.

of one's being.

Man tries for nothing in this world save that which he believes can be attained or accomplished.

This is aptly illustrated in one of the most beautiful of Christ's teachings—where the disciples had failed to cure the boy and his father brought him to Jesus: "Then came the disciples to Jesus apart and said: Why could we not cast him out? and Jesus answered unto them, Because of your unbelief; for verily I say unto you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain: Remove thence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible to you."

Let us see what manner of faith is in the mustard seed.

Everything in nature is the same in having been called into being by the same power or God, who not only produced and fashioned all things, but also fills them and constitutes the life principle that is in them.

There are in the universe no two things exactly alike in appearance, not even two leaves on the same tree, yet the life principle in the mustard seed is identical with that in every other mustard seed.

The germ within contains what in man is represented as the "Kingdom of God within you," the image and likeness of the Creator.

Remember, the seed has no power of itself and can do nothing until it has complied with the terms of the law.

Laid upon a shelf it would remain dormant for years, notwithstanding the life principle imprisoned within it. Dropped into kindly soil the little seed exercises its faith, draws to itself sufficient moisture to cause it to sprout and force its way upward to light and air. God's sunshine colors it, the atmosphere hardens it, the sap supplies it and it grows, constantly exercising the one purpose of its life and that alone.

It does not look at the stately lily beside it and wish it was a flower; the nightingale's song arouses within it no desire to be a bird; it has but one purpose, and it exercises its faith in growing

upward to attain its own perfection—a tree with foliage and seed.

Such faith constantly adds to itself. Its purpose is constant, its end, perfection.

There is probably no one but feels that there is over and above all a power, an intelligence, greater than man. Man never has realized that he is the very image of that power. Jesus Christ was the incarnation of that principle, and he showed what man could do when the God within him was made manifest to the world.

Nothing is possible save by compliance with the law, and this compliance, requiring all man's activity, earnest belief and unbiased, lasting effort, is true faith.

We reach conclusions through trial and demonstration.

Human effort to ascertain the truth of a proposition is true faith.

You can do nothing in chemistry except by compliance with chemical laws. You can do nothing with electricity save in accordance with the law governing that force. You may find some new application, but the law is changeless.

He who exercises faith, and without it none ever find perfect truth, must put aside the things of this life that burden him and bar his pathway. He must not think of the actions of others nor of their effect upon himself.

The mustard seed does not concern itself about how the lily grows, and in like manner we must disregard what others are doing and be intent upon bringing our own undertaking to perfection.

This is what Jesus meant when in the Sermon on the Mount, he said: "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother has aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Matthew V-23, 24.

Prayer is useless as long as there is a single conflicting thought on your part.

How can you ask forgiveness of your Father in Heaven when

you have not forgiven your brother on earth?

We must agree before we can ask and receive the answer. This is the law, and man exercises true faith only through active compliance therewith.

He who carries in his mind a dozen purposes and tries to attend to a dozen people's business cannot exercise faith because of his divided purpose.

To forgive the world and exercise faith that has but a single purpose to accomplish, qualifies a man for success in anything he undertakes.

It makes a man so determined to succeed in his own vocation that he is fully occupied in looking out for his self and cannot stop to criticise others.

Faith seems scarce because considered solely in connection with the church and religious work. I want to tell you that the man who has succeeded in life is following the teachings of Jesus Christ whether he ever saw a Bible or not.

A successful life is better evidence of the exercise of faith than the most polished prayer, the most eloquent sermon or the most beautiful church.

The man who is delving in the earth may be an atheist in his own religion while complying with a law of whose existence he is ignorant.

Peter, in speaking of God or of Law, said: "With whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

The law is unalterable and acts for the good of every man. It condemns no one. Man was not born to die, but to live forever, his natural tendencies being to grow and develop into perfect life.

A tree or plant that is broken and dying sends up sub-roots and lives again. Likewise it is not natural for man to go down to death and destruction, but to live.

This life principle, this law that produces everything is in everything.

We cannot please God or get results without compliance with

the law. Faith is the only means by which we can bring about this agreement. Man's every effort to comply with the law is the exercise of faith.

The work that is done in the churches is furthering the cause of man's morality because in a meeting of Christians there are many persons who have no other purpose in coming but to agree together and invoke the blessing of God upon themselves and their community, and to bring about a greater amount of peace and harmony.

The churches receive all that they ask for, then what is it that keeps them from asking for more and more? That which kept the disciples from being able to cure, unbelief; not enough belief, lack of faith.

Faith is not a possession, it is a faculty. You cannot have faith but you can exercise faith.

Try to do the things you believe can be done, and your trial is the exercise of your faith.

Nothing is withheld from the man who has forgiven the world and who, from whatever standpoint he may reason, does things with singleness of purpose and exercises natural faith.

We have no criticism to offer upon the church; it stands today a monument to answered prayer.

I believe there is some memorial today to every prayer that has in it the elements of faith and forgiveness.

The churches have prayed for the bringing of sons and daughters into the fold and they have become members of the congregation. They have prayed for the morals of the people and they are better than when these prayers began.

Suppose a congregation decides to pray for the healing of the sick; if some good old brother does not destroy harmony and break the agreement by objecting that this power passed away with the apostolic dispensation, the sick will be healed.

Trying is the attitude of faith, but they cannot give it a fair trial unless they assume the possibility of success.

An European telescope maker, who heard that Galileo was to

have constructed an instrument strong enough to see and learn something of the stars, said that he was attempting the impossible. But an obscure man who believed he could do what he attempted made the telescope that settled the Copernican system.

False beliefs do not so much deter man from exercising real faith as unbelief or lack of belief.

Man, made in the image and likeness of God, given dominion over the whole earth, has a title to everthing in the world and a right to believe anything.

If his faith was as a grain of mustard seed and the faults and failures of his fellow man out of his sight, he could act upon one purpose and nothing would be impossible to him.

He must have too, that full, free and perfect faith and confidence that fills a man's heart when he knows that he is standing in the proper relation to the rest of the world.

The only impossibilities that exist for man are those created by unbelief.

I do not know that everything can be done, but I do know that faith can accomplish much and I believe that a man can succeed in anything he believes he can do.

Faith does not acquire things, it only leads to power. Through experiment we arrive at truth and this knowledge of truth constitutes our power.

Paul says: "Through faith ye are saved, but not of yourselves, it is the Grace of God that saves you."

The responsive nature of God makes answer whenever the terms of the law are complied with, and acts for the man who knows nothing about it the same as for one with full understanding.

This is right and just. Would you want to live under a law or a God that changed every time man did, subject to the same faults and frailties as yourself?

Rather you would choose a just God, a changeless law, immutable throughout the ages, existent when time shall be no more.

S. A. WELTMER.

THE ESOTERIC PHILOSOPHY.

BY PAUL AVENEL.

Beautiful thoughts are like beautiful gems—
Polished and held to the light they shine,
But hidden away in the caskets of mind,
Their value is lost and their lustre obscured.

—AVENEL.

THE Esoteric Philosophy is a natural and unadulterated religion of the soul, proving to the mind by rational and logical demonstration, not only the reality of the future life but the character of its pursuits and happiness. It teaches by a majestic system of laws, how soul is linked to soul in the Celestial economy just as planet is linked to planet in the Stellar Cosmos; it shows how kindred natures in affiliate union, create the beatitudes of Celestial life just as the grouping of kindred orbs create rhythm and harmony in the Universe, the association and intercourse of congenial souls in Heaven, being a literal parallel of the association and intercourse of congenial souls on Earth, with every congenial condition enhanced.

It is a profound doctrine—oracular in its abstruse teaching, literal in its simpler forms—adapting its sublime truths to the various capacities of the human mind; the ignorant may understand enough to guide him safely on the way of life, the astute may scale the heights of occult knowledge by means of the secret light it sheds upon the intellect. Interpreted literally it conforms literally to the evangelical gospel of the New Testament, and the primary esoterist may go hand in hand with the literal Bible student; interpreted metaphysically by the profound laws of logic

and analogy, it becomes an abstruse ethical philosophy in which the abstruse student may delve for jewels of truth as a miner delves for diamonds.

To crude minds these jewels present just such a crude appearance as is presented by the carbon gems when they fall from the miner's spade; to the astute and cultured they present all the prismatic beauty of the cut and polished gems in the lapidary's hand. In their rudimental interpretation the inner light shines from all aspects of these sacred truths alike, a soft and subdued radiance tempered to the rudimental understanding; unveiled they flash and gleam on every side with dazzling brilliancy; it is the dazzling flood of light shed by the Esoteric Philosophy upon the mind, that renders occult study so dangerous; reason, unless it be well-disciplined and stably poised, is bewildered and loses coherence in its effort to comprehend the versatility of the esoteric law.

To appreciate the sublime Esoteric Philosophy the mind must be divested of dogma and creed which cripple and encumber it; these need not be renounced as fallacies but simply relegated to the mental department of conservative religion exactly as a student lays aside the text books of the preparatory schools when he enters upon the college curriculum. As the fixed rules of algebra and geometry educate the mind of the primary student to solve the higher problems of trigonometry and calculus, so all stereotyped rules of morality and religion educate the soul to solve for itself the ethical problems of rectitude that confront it in the higher walks of life.

It must be borne in mind that occult study involves the exercise of the soul faculties per se (soul is a synonym for intellect in the Esoteric Philosophy) and a relative disuse of the cerebral faculties; cerebration unless its operations and deductions can be sagaciously distinguished as of minor and incidental value in the evolution of an occult theme, is a hindrance rather than a help; in fact it is an insurmountable obstacle in all cases where the incisive acumen of reason has not been acquired by the intellect.

This will be denied on the ground that thought without cer-

ebration is impossible—and this assumption is both true and false; it is true inasmuch as cerebration is a vital part of human consciousness and no function of physical life can be coherently conducted without it; it is false inasmuch as the brain is but a temporary adjunct of intelligence, an adjunct incidental to the physical life and abandoned when the corpus homo is abandoned; in plain language, it is the post mortem faculties of mind and these only, that are exercised in occult study—the brain however will act mechanically in conjunction with the post mortem faculties until the student has acquired sufficient self-knowledge and self-control to subject it pending such study. It is the admixture of cerebral thought with the findings of the post mortem faculties, that makes of pseudo-occultics such a jargon, and robs the Esoteric Philosophy of its intrinsic ethical virtue.

Love is the fundamental principle upon which the Esoteric Doctrine rests. God-love which passeth understanding, i-e, divine love in the abstract or at large in the universe; Christ-love which appeals to the understanding of all, i-e, divine love differentiated, applied; the love of mankind for mankind, i-e, the love tangible and practicable, and the love of individual for individual which is the immediate, actuating animus of every life, are so many gradations in a transcendent love-scale whose minor notes ring in the emotions of human hearts, and whose major notes anthem in the raptures of the infinite.

Complemental or sex-love, the love of the individual soul for its alter ego—its divinely ordained counterpart—is the keystone in the majestic system of laws which sustains life and order in the Heavens; a love so ethereal and sublimated so sanctified and glorified that it glitters in the sublime galaxy of the immaculate consciousness as the sun gleams in the azure at midday, a love of which the fatherhood and motherhood of Nature is a prototype and of which the stability and fertility of the Earth is an illustration, a love so impeccable that like a virgin gem, it reveals the glowing beauty of its own serene heart, so enduring and potential that as granite beds gird and buttress the globe it girds and buttresses the

heavens, a love that is at once a natural science, a natural philosophy and a natural religion, that is the eternal stimulus, the never waning incentive of life in Celestial Realms, where thought and feeling range upon a supernal scale.

This ineffable state-of-being is the destiny of every soul, a beatific inheritance upon which human beings will enter, when, through reincarnation, they are qualified to graduate with intellectual honor from the School-of-Earth, and retire to take their well-earned places among the Celestial Alumni.

PAUL AVENEL.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THERE have come to our table two volumes from the Purdy Publishing Co., of Chicago.

(1). "Selections from the Writings of George McDonald." This is a beautiful little brochure, dainty and tasteful in its make up. The selections have been made with discrimination, taste and care. It is in truth what its sub-title indicates: "Helps for Weary Souls." The little volume would make a very fitting present to a friend.

(2). "Spiritual Law in the Natural World." This is a volume which will be appreciated by the Christian Science cult. The author had done some hard thinking, whether the thoughts are made clear every reader will have to determine for himself. There is a haziness about the writings of this class of thinkers, to those who are accustomed to clear definition and clean cut discrimination. The book however will stimulate thought, and that is about all that any author, in these days of mental unrest, can hope for, or desire.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

AT the beginning of a new year and of a new century, the Weltmer Magazine salutes the public and with modesty asks that share of attention that its merits shall deserve. The want that it will endeavor to supply is for a high grade periodical issued regularly and devoted to the exposition of the principles of the New Thought in general and of Psychic Healing in particular.

This magazine has for its policy the quest for truth. Its management recognizes that the whole of truth is not contained in any man made system. Therefore honest convictions, founded upon reason, and respectfully expressed, will be welcomed to its pages. If this magazine were to adopt a motto expressive of its policy, it would be: "Whoever knows may teach what he knows and all he knows."

It will be readily granted, even by the superficial observer, that the present is a time of unrest in the domain of thought. Men are beginning to examine the foundations of old beliefs; and the supposed rock foundation, in many cases, has been found to be but sand. Doubt is cast upon the stability of those beliefs that remain; inconoclasts would destroy all; mercenaries, to sell their literary wares, would urge them on. Therefore, the conservative must stand vigilant, on guard, challenging—testing all things—holding fast to that which is good; admitting nothing because it is NEW, but admitting anything if it is TRUE.

To this end the Weltmer magazine will give to its readers the products of matured thought only. As an earnest of its intention it points with pardonable pride to its list of contributors; their names are household words wherever the New Thought has engaged attention.

Others of like renown will, from time to time, contribute to its pages. In the first two numbers you have a sample of our interest.

lectual bill of fare; if you like the fare you are invited to the feast.

The words of praise and commendation that have come to us concerning our January number, are highly lauditory; and, of course, highly gratifying to us. It is another case of "I told you so;" we have thought, for a long time, that there was a strong demand for a high class magazine such as we are issuing. We may publish some of the glowing testimonials that we have received, in our next issue.

All advertising that would be carried by any first class publication, will be accepted for insertion in the advertising pages of Weltmer's Magazine.

Weltmer's Magazine circulates almost exclusively among that cultured class that are investigating the New Thought. Its advantages as an advertising medium to those who have anything to offer this class, will be readily seen.

Contributions to its pages must be type written, with the price plainly marked thereon, together with return postage if not accepted.

It is our intention to open a department of Psychic Healing; if you have had experience either as healer or healed, and feel that the public should know the truth, write out your experience, make it brief and to the point, state facts only, and send it in.

It is our desire to make Weltmer's Magazine a means of definite instruction, as well as of entertainment. To that end, if you have questions that are puzzling you, send them in. We may find some one who will answer them to your satisfaction.

The editors do not hold themselves responsible for the thought of their contributors; they are only responsible for the appearance of the articles in the magazine.